

"You'd better, sir, if you know what's good for you!"

Fifteen minutes later.

"Will! If you'r not out of there in ten minutes I'll souse you with cold water, see if I don't! Get right up!"

Willie comes down half an hour later and the triumphant mother says:

"Aha, young man, I thought I'd rout you out! You may just as well understand first as last that when I speak you have to mind. Remember that!"

A NEW KIND OF DOLL.

We have all seen talking dolls, and dolls that walk, and dolls that open and shut their eyes, but a doll that mews and catches mice is something new. I am sure you would like to have been one of the passengers upon a train that carried a little girl eleven years old, from Witchita, Kansas, to Rochester, New York, with no companion but her kitten. It was a long journey, you know for a little girl to take alone, with only a kitten for company. It is against the rules for railroad conductors to allow animals in the passenger coach. Some one must have told the little girl this, for she had dressed her kitten up like a baby. And what was queerer still, the kitten did not seem to feel at all out of her sphere in the little dress with its short waist and bishop sleeves, and its pretty lace baby cap. Of course all the passengers were interested in this novel kind of a doll baby. The conductor stopped to sit down and talk with the little girl when he was not taking up tickets. She said she did not care for dolls because they were not alive, and kitty could play with her and it was such fun to dress her up in clothes, especially as kitty never objected to being dressed or undressed.—*Exchange.*

THE ROCKET.

A grindstone was standing in a knife-grinder's shed, close to a bench, on which lay some Rockets for the amusement of the grinder's boys in the evening, it being the birthday of one of the lads.

Now, one of these Rockets was more conceited than her sisters, and began in a pert manner to tease the poor Grindstone.

"You are a slow, stupid, plodding old thing," she said, "to lead the dull life you do, and never see any fun. You might as well be dead and buried, for any good you are."

"I am of some use," said the Grindstone, meekly. For he was a sober, steady old fellow, and not used to being jeered at by flighty young misses. "I grind dozens and dozens of knives every day, and I have done so for years past, and shall do so for years to come."

The giddy young Rocket laughed contemptuously. "Do you call that life?" said she. "Now, just look at me and my sisters. To-night when we are lit, how fine it will be! Everybody will admire us. Instead of moldering away our lives in this old shed, we shall go up, up, up, to the sky, in a shower of sparks—fizz, fizz, fizz, like beautiful golden serpents!"

"Yes," answered the Grindstone. "And then you will burst, and go you know not where. And no one will ever see you again."

"Well! and what do we care for that?" said the Rocket, angrily. "A short life and a merry one."

"That is a wrong and foolish saying," said the grindstone, gently. "It is a great deal better to do good, steady, useful work every day, even though it wears us out at last, than to make one brilliant dash without result, and leave no useful record behind us."—*Exchange.*

A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courageous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her.

Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife; but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle and old age, is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.—*Exchange.*

IN LAZY LAND.

My friend, have you heard of the town of No-good,

On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Wait-awhile flower fair
Where the Sometime or other scents the air
And the soft Go-easies grow?
Would you go where the soft Go-easies grow?
It lies in the valley of What's-the use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That tired feeling is native there,
'Tis the home of the reckless I-don't-care,
Where the Give-it-ups abide.

—*Selected.*

Christ not only conquers death, but he gives life. He who has extracted the sting from death has also put sweetness into this present life.

The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 31.

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck. Acts 27:13-26.

Golden Text.—Be of good cheer; for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me. Acts 27:25.

Lesson Thought.—God is present with his servant in the midst of the storm and he fears no evil.

INTRODUCTION.

It will be remembered that Paul appeared to Caesar and for that reason he is to be sent to Rome. This is the very place where Paul wanted to go, for he wanted to preach the gospel to the Romans. He had been at Athens, Corinth and other large cities, centers of population and preached the gospel with good results. Teacher and scholar should note how Paul's imprisonment was the means of bringing him to Rome, a journey, the influence of which can not be estimated.

BETWEEN THE LESSONS.

The last lesson closed with Paul before Agrippa who found no fault in Paul. He said to Festus that Paul might have been released if he had not appealed to Caesar. Read,

Acts 27:1-9, preparing to go to Rome.

Acts 27:10-12, Paul foretells the danger of the voyage.

Acts 27:13-26, to day's lesson.

Psalm 107, the storm.

Mark 4:36-41; John 6:15-21, Christ on the sea.

Beside these references read Psalm 46 and 91; Matt. 10:30; Mark 4:39; Psalm 23:4-5. Also read the story of how many may be saved by one righteous man as illustrated in the life of Joseph, Gen. 39:2-5, 22; the ten righteous in Sodom, Gen. 18:23-32.

MEANING OF THE TEXT.

13. *Wind blew softly.*—The storm had somewhat abated and the course of the wind had changed from the north to the south. *Loosing—sailed.* Weighing anchor they sailed closer by the shore than usual.

14. *Tempestuous wind.*—Literally a *typhonic wind* like a hurricane or cyclone. *Euroclydon.* The better word is *Euraquillo.*

15. This verse means that the ship being seized by the terrific wind became unmanageable, so the sailors gave the ship up to the fury of the storm and were borne along at its mercy.

16. *Much work.*—It was with much difficulty that the sailors became masters of the boat which was raised to the deck of the ship and thus kept from being dashed to pieces.